TIP SEVERAL WRONG TREES.

DEACON WAKEMAN'S TARIFF LITER-ATURE GOES WILDLY ASTRAY.

turns from Free Silver, Prohibition, Free Trade, Geological, Populist, and Other Newspapers That Bon't Want Any Plate Matter Cram Him -- Some Not Polite About It.

Now, it really is tough on the Hon, Wilbur F. Wakeman. It's bad enough when you just want to do a man a little favor to have him decline it with thanks. You never feel quite right about it afterward, but when you want to do a favor and the prospective recipient turns on you and reviles and mocks at you, then, if you have got any hot, scalding tears around, why, it's pardonable to let them flow. It might even be pardonable to go gunning for the prospective recipient

But Wakeman ought to have known better. The idea of a man who has been Secretary of the American Protective Tariff League since its foundation, who has been mixed up in politics in the Twenty-fifth district (the Twenty-fifth, mind you, where Job Hedges and Amasa Thornand George R. Manchester put up jobs). The idea of a man with such experience as he must have, letting himself get mixed up with pulism and socialism and that sort of thing. ouldn't have expected anything else.

He says it was all the typewriter's fault. He says she made up the list of the newspapers that was to offer his protective doctrines to. But he's mighty careful not to say whether it was e vellow-haired or the red-haired one or the black or brown or chestnut haired one, or the one with hazel eves. And it's a noticeable fact one with hazel eves. And it's a noticeable fact that there has not been any change in the type-writer staff of the league lately, although it was a week ago that this blunder happened.

A part of Mr. Wakeman's business as Secretary of the league is to provide the proper kind of literature to the country papers so that the people may be educated on the tariff question. About once a year he sends out letters to newspapers that are not doing their share of the educating, and offers to send his thoughts to them in any form desired. This is about the time of year, and a week ago hegot up this letter:

year, and a week ago begot up this letter:
To the Editor:
The editors of more than 1,000 papers have given
the strongest indersement of the service and usefulmeas of the publications of the Tariff League to them
in their work. The Tariff League, with its special
rachitics, compiles reliable statistics, and edits and
publishes the American Economiss and documents on
all phases of the tariff question.
We desire to have every newspaper throughout the
Inited States identified with us, in order that we may
work in harmony in advancing the cause of American
recognition. presperity.

To the newspapers connected with us all of our ewn publications are regularly forwarded, and out-

onvenience.

If at any time questions are asked upon the tariff same to which you have not an answer handy, we should be giad if you will send the same to us for also beg to call your attention to our Protective Press Service, announcement of which is in-

Press Service, announcement of which is in Yours very truly, W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary. W. F. WARMAN, General Secretary.

Inclosed with the letter was a postal card, filled in with the name of the paper and the name of the editor and these two questions, with the request to kindly answer them:
"Do you favor a protective tariff?"

"What plate, or patent inside, service do you

Now, while Deacon Wakeman was composing Now, while Deacon Wakeman was composing this letter and getting up these questions, he says, his typewriter was composing a list of papers to send them to. That was exactly a week ago Saturday. The work having been finished the Deacon sat back and felt satisfied with himself. This feeling lasted three days. Then along came a postal card, one of his own. It was signed Edgar Howard, Papillion Times, Papillion, Neb. The answer to the question: "Do you favor a protective tariff!" read, in black and white: "No, nor any other class of this very."

A little chippy bird sat on the window sill and chipped at him. and a fox terrier jumped upon his desk and kicked off the offending postal in his efforts to get at him. "Well, let it go, he sighed. "It don't make any difference who that one was. Here's one from the Free Press of Troys. Mo. We'll put him right on-great Scott. 'Do you favor a protective tariff!' Not by a d—d sses—. The Deacon's voice died away in a hiss. His flats were clenched. He hurled the offending card from him. The very next one read, "Humanity, Kansas City, Mo." "Well, it's about time there was some humanity in the world," sighed the Deacon, his issee lighting up for a moment, only to grow blacker. He chewed his words as he read: "Do you favor a protective tariff!" Not by a d—d sight." What plate, or patent inside, service do you use? 'What do you take me for!' Indument!' reared the Deacon, "Indument!" reared the Deacon, "Indument!" and the red hair.

"Oh-ah-mm-ah-that is, ah-mm-I-I-I beg your pardon." "Well, I should think you might," snapped the red-haired one.

The Deacon looked tuckered out. He hummed

writer with the red hair.

"On-ah-mm-ah-that is, ah-mm-I-I-I besy your pardon."

"Well, I should think you might," snapped the red-haired one.

The Beacon booked tuckered out. He hummed four bars of "Casey at the Bat" and gritted his feeth. He selzed the whole pile of cards. He glared at them. He looked at the window invitingly open. His hands trembled. He was on the point of throwing the whole batch out and tesigning his job. Then he got the better of binself and crinned a sickly grin as he read on. Truth, William H. Stewart. Salisbury, N. C. Do you favor a protective tariff I" No, no government robbery." "What plate, or patent inside, service do you use!" "None of your busiless." Gus Lettwich, Democrat, Gallatin, Mo. Do you favor a protective tariff I" Not much, Mary Ann." "The American Geologist. Minnespoils. The American Geologist is a monthly selentife magazine devoted to geology."

"By d—n! snorted the Deacon." Me-r-c-y." moaned the typewriter with the hazel eyes.

The Deacon glared at her. She gasped and feed, The Beacon hurled away the cards he had lead, and crunched up the others in his hand. He ground his teeth.

The next card wasn't signed. Written all over the back was this message:

"No use for you people since your election of McKinley and trying to down the farmers, who should have bounty on wheat, cheese, butter, and applies."

This one was dated "Niagara Falls." The next see was from Olean, and was signed "Saturday Scho." Over the signature was the word "dead." The Deacon studied it and muttered. He read opposite his question about the tariff:

What is the difference between a Cleveland paic and a McKinley boom!" He kicked out with one foot and the chair went spinning. The chippy bird few. The fox terrier howied, and the your second and a McKinley boom!" He kicked out with one foot and the chair went spinning. The chippy bird few. The fox terrier howied, and has yellow-haired typewriter burst into tears. The chair screw brought up with a jerk. The Deacon face was a study.

The next card was wri

a relief," and he danced a Hg and waved the card. But it was only for a moment. The next one said "Rats," and wasn't signed. The next one said "Nit." The next one. "I consider it robbery. I won't have your stuff in my house." The next one, "No, we want prosperity. Then came a dozen that answered simply "No. Some said, "Decidedly no." There were religious papers that aidn't want it and scientific papers and society papers, and then came one signed "John C. Lochner, Auburn, ind." It read:

"I can furnish you 1,200 names of men who receive mall at this office and you will thus have a good chance to sample-copy them. I deal in names for this purpose. If interested write me at once."

at once. This purpose, If interested write me at once. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. The boacon leaped up and did four handsprings. The typewriters in the distance screamed "Policet" in chorus. The fox terrier leaped out of the back window. The janitor of the building rang a fire alarm. The electric bell in the clevator shaft began ringing and rang for an hour. It stopped then and hasn't gone since. The Deacon's parxysm lasted three-quarters of an hour. Then he sank helpless in his chair, de had to be helped home that night and he has been under treatment since.

He didn't learn until yesterday that the list of newspapers he had used was a freak list, imposed on his typewriters.

BAY STATE POLITICS IN A WHIRL. George Fred Williams, Gov. Welcott, Josiah Quincy, and Chaos.

Boston, May 29.-The free-silver Populistic Democrats of Massachusetts, or simply the Democrats, as they prefer to style themselves, have had on their working clothes for weeks, and are hustling for all they are worth even at this early date, with barrels of war paint and feathers ready for the hot struggles that are coming later on. "No Compromise" in big letters is on their banner, and as they polled about eight times as many votes as the gold Democrats last fall they think they can afford to be defiant. They have ploughed and harrowed and seeded down this old State from Berkshire to the bay. and are looking for a harvest of votes next fall that will be a surprise to their opponents. They say they are organized as nover before, and have systematic workers in 320 of the 359 cities and towns in Massachusetts. They say there isn't a bit of the old machine in their organization; they have wheels enough of their own. They say they have completely ignored the old organization in forming the new one, for, they say, the machine Democrats are either gold men or lukewarm silverites. and they have no use for them. Just at present these workers are assiduously cultivating an early spring crop of political situations, most of which have long strings attached to them, and these strings are so fearfully tangled up that not even the leaders themselves are quite sure which puppet will dance when they pull.

Away on the political horizon, but beginning to be distinctly seen through the mists, the shinto be distinctly seen through the mists, the shining face of George Fred Williams looms up. He was snowed under last fall when he led the sliver Democratic forces of the State, but he will again be the leader of his party, and from present indications will receive a much larger vote proportionately than he did then. He polled about 100,000 votes to 259,000 for Wolcott and 14,000 for the gold Democrat. Mr. Williams says, however, that this was not fair showing of his strength, even at that time, for, as his name was on the ticket in four different places, about 25,000 votes were invalidated by men who put crosses opposite his name every time they saw it. Of course Gov. Wolcott will be the Republican nominee again this year. It does not matter much who the candidate of the gold Democrates, for he has no chance of election. It is possi-

nominee again this year. It does not matter much who the candidate of the gold Democrats is, for he has no chance of election. It is possible indeed that the gold men will not put a man in the field.

The silver Democracy claims to have the support of every labor leader in the State, and to be solid with the workingmen, organized and unorganized. To a certain extent this class has been arrayed against the so-called machine, silk-stocking Democracy, represented by such men as ex-Mayor Matthews, ex-Judge Corcoran, and Josiah Quincy. The backbone of the silver Democracy is the Massachusetts Democratic Club. This backbone is having a fit of cold shivers just at present over the doings of Mayor Quincy. Time was, and very recently, too, when the club believed that the Mayor was the man who had the power to reconcile the discordant elements in the Democratic party. The club shared with organized labor in doing homage to Mayor Quincy, and pinning their faith to him as a leader who would advance their cause in every possible way. But a change has come

Mayor show his hand if possible, and, with this in view, has adopted a resolution calling upon him to appear before the Legislature and oppose the bill. If he does not do this the Democrats will say that he is in favor of the measure, and if this is made known, the Democrats say, it will undo all Mr. Quincy has done in the way of getting the support of the labor element and the sliver Democracy. Of course, Mayor Quincy expects to be the Democratic candidate again this fall, but in view of these recent developments it is extremely likely that the silver Democratic also will put up a candidate, thus dividing the Democratic vots and defeating Mr. Quincy.

Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis will be the Republican candidate. He has given up his law practice and, with his coat off and saw and hammer in hand, is devoting his attention to mending his political fences and laying wires.

THE SPEAKER AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

Facts That Upset One So-Called Unwritten Law of American Politics.

Various unwritten laws of American politics cem to have lost their force of late. There is that one to the effect that no President after eaving the White House could expect ever to be re-elected to return to it-a rule broken in the case of Cleveland. Another is the law that no United States Senator could become President
—a law broken in the case of James A. Garfield. Still another of these laws has recently been brought again into notice by the critics and adnirers of Speaker Thomas B. Reed, and there is travelling about in some newspapers an item to the effect that "every man who has sought the Speakership of the House since the foundation of the Government has done so with the view to the Presidential nomination of his party. It has always been enough to defeat his election except in one lone, solitary instance—that of

See was from Olean, and was signed "Saturday Eche." Over the signature was the word "dead," lies beacon studied it and muttered. He read specific is question about the tariff of the statement is, of course, absurd. The statement is, of course, absurd. The specific is question about the tariff of the statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was the statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was the statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was the Elevative Statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was the Elevative Statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was from a few fifther the statement is, of course, absurd. The last Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, for instance, Charles F. Crisp, who was from the fifther Congresse, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the United States, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altive of the Line State, and Fifty-third Congresses, was not an altiv James K. Polk." Such a statement is, of course, absurd. The

FOR A BIG NATIONAL CAMP.

THE PLAN TO MANGUVRE 180,000 MILITIA AT ONCE.

Progress of the Movement for a Military Training at the Trans-Mississippi Expedition at Omaha in 1898-Militis Enthusiastic. OMAHA, Neb., May 27.-The idea of mobilizing the militia of the United States at Omaha during the Trans-Mississippi Exposition has attracted attention in all parts of the country. The Adjutant-General of Nebraska is receiving constantly letters from other States on the subject, and nilitia companies, notably those in the West, are inquiring into the details of the plan. The War Department has taken the matter up and has directed Gen. Coppinger, com manding the Department of the Platte, to report on the availability of the country surrounding Omaha for an encampment of the large proportions promised. Steps are taking to assure the full support of the Federal

Government. At no time since the civil war has any general attempt been made to mobilize the nation's deenders, and this experiment is expected to add very valuable information to the War Department records regarding the facilities offered for such an enterprise and the rapidity with which such a body of the nation's troops can be placed in a given position. The idea of mobilizing the militia is briefly this: To secure the encampment at Omaha in 1898 of as many as possible of the 150,000 State troops in grand school of instruction under the direction of the general officers of the regular army, detailed for the purpose by the War Department. This idea has been advocated very strongly from time to time by Secretaries of War and high officers of the army. who have argued that the militia must form the nucleus of the nation's defensive force in the event of war, and that the troops should get the advantage of military manœuvres on a large advantage of military manouvers on a large scale in order to increase their efficiency. A letter was received a few days ago from Gen. Georgo D. Ruggles, Adjutant-General of the army, by the citizens of Nebraska, from whom the suggestion for a mobilization of troops emanated. It throws considerable light on the attitude of the Federal Government. Following are excepts from the letter:

"The Federal Government appropriates \$400.000 per annum for the support of the militia, which amount is allotted to the States and Territories in proportion to their representation in

ood per annum for the support of the militia, which amount is allotted to the States and Territories in proportion to their representation in Congress, and is used mainly for the purchase of arms, ammunition, and military stores, annual returns of which are required to be made to the War Department.

"The last step taken by Congress to promote the efficiency of the militia was to pass the act of Feb. 24, 1897, authorizing the Secretary of War to issue to each State and Territors Springfield rifles in exchange for an equal number of arms (other than Springfield breech-loading rifles of this calibre) now in possession of the States, and to issue at regulation prices for cash at places of sale such stores and supplies from any department of the army as, in the opinion of the Secretary of War, can be spared.

"The attitude of Congress toward the militia is shown by the laws aircady quoted, and the fact that a committee on militar, regularly kept up in the House and the Senate, devotes special attention to the militia is an evidence that our national legislators have not lost interest in that branch of our military service. The attitude of

attention to the militia is an evidence that our national legislators have not lost interest in that branch of our military service. The attitude of the War Department toward the militia is most friendly, and every possible assistance is rendered. Organizations belonging to the permanent establishment are frequently sent to duty with State troops during their summer encampment and to combine with them in the execution of such military manusuvres as may be practicable. To militia units stationed near the seaboard the war department also extends facilities for drill with sea coast guns and in sea coast fortifications. Upon application from the Governor of a State or Territory the War Department will detail an officer to report to the Governor with the State troops, whose duty it is to comply, as far as legally possible, with the requests of the Executive to impart information as requested in all professional matters, to attend State encampments, and to make such inspections as are desired. The assignment of these officers may be regarded as a public declaration of the deep interest taken by the War Department in the welfare of the State troops."

The Department of Promotion of the Exposition wrote letters to the Adjutant-Generals of the several States in the Union, asking their opinion of the scheme for concentration of State troops in Omaha in 1898. Almost without exceptions being the officers of a few States in the extreme East, which have made ineffectual efforts to accomplish the same results. Some of these replies were most enthusiastic; all admitted the great advantages to be gained by the troops in such experience, but some hesistated at the feem of expense, suggesting that the only practical way of bringing about the result was to secure the aid of the Federal Government. With the few exceptions mentioned, all the Adjutant-Generals promised their hearty cooperation to retire the same results.

between the posture of the question population. Note that the posture of the question population to the posture of the question of the question population of the question of

duce at the proper time. A number of the letters there out suggestions as to "how to reach our Congressman."

Almost simultaneously with the sending out of the letters Congressman Bruner of Pennsylvania introduced in the House a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for an encampment of the militia of the United States to be held under the directions of the War Department. Congressman Mercer of Nebraska is at present engaged in the preparation of a bill to promote the mobilization at Omaha, though his measure carries with it but \$2,000,000.

The general army officers concede the practicability of the plan. During the World's Fair Gen. Miles had in view a similar project, and it was abandoned because of the flat nature of the ground around Chicago, the idea being that undulating ground is necessary for the massing of large bodies of troops conveniently and pleasantly. This objection cannot be offered as regards Omaha, says Gen. Coppinger. One thousand acres of land are required for the encamment of 100,000 men, the number expected to be here, and this area is available in the immediate heighborhood of Omaha.

HE SAW MR. HANNA.

lfter Several Days of Waiting He Cornered th Scuntor and Had His Say. From the Chicago Record.

From the Chicago Record.

Mr. Hanna received a shock the other day from which it will take him a long time to recover. He occupies the headquarters of the Republican National Committee, in the Glover building, and there receives the multitude of office seekers who come to solicit his indorsement. Many of them are not content with an interview there, but they stand around the corridors of the Arlington Hotel, where he lives, besiege the door to the dining room, and break into his rooms whenever they can. Mr. Hanna cannot pass through the office of the hotel at any time of the day or night without running amuck of a throng of people who seek his assistance. While he is good natured with those who call at his office, he does not like to have people come to his rooms, and halte still worse to be held up in the halls. He tells everybody that he will be at the Glover building at certain hours, and will be glad to see them there, but they won't go.

For several days Mr. Hanna was pursued at

that he will be at the Glover building at certain hours, and will be glad to see them there, but they won't go.

For several days Mr. Hanna was pursued at the Senate chamber, at the hotel, and on the streets by a harmless-looking old gentleman, who would wait for hours at a time for a chance to speak to him; but Mr. Hanna was suspicious and usually managed to einde him. When the old gentleman did get the advantage he "stood him off," saying: "My good man. I cannot talk to you here. You must come to my office at the Glover building, and then I will be glad to hear what you have to say."

But the old man pleaded for "just one mo ment's conversation," he had "just one little request to make." Mr. Hanna is familiar with "little requests" and with people who want "just a moment's conversation," and has learned to dodge them. But he finally succeeded in persusting the old gentleman to go to the Glover building and take his turn with the rest. After waiting a couple of hours the patient applicant was admitted to Mr. Hanna's private room, and you can appreciate his astonishment when he discovered that all he wanted was a few garden seeds to send to his daughter, who lives out in Ohio. The paner which he had been so long trying to persuade Mr. Hanna to read was a memorandum containing her address and a list of the seeds that she would prefer.

The Senator grasped the old gentleman by both hands and exclaimed:

"My dear sir, is that all you want? Can't! do something more for you? Bon't you want to be District Attorney or Marshai semewhere in the South! You are not going to run off and leave me in this way. I have had people up here ever since the 4th of March asking for foreign missions and Cabine: portfolios and consulted and indicated a note to the Secretary, gave it to the old gentleman, shook hands with him cordially, and asked him to come again—to come often.

100,384 Rheumatian radically cured in every case since 1861 with resity place, N. Y. Buscular, Gouty, Solatic, Inflammatory, &c. Pleasant to take, 75c. Sot.; Drugstein.

GUM AND THE TARIFF.

Congressman Cooke Chews Chiele and Talks is

From the Chicago Times-Herald. WASHINGTON, May 23.—If the people who chew gum want to continue the practice at present prices, now is the time for them to speak up. The pending Tariff bill imposes a duty on chicle, and chicle is the sum and sub stance of chewing gum. The bill, as it passed he House, fixed the duty at 10 cents a pound which the Senate bill reduced to 6 cents. Senafor Hale has offered an amendment putting chicle on the free list, where it has always been

So far Senator Hale of Maine and Congress

man Cooke of Illinois are the only statesmen

So far Senator Hale of Maine and Congressman Cooke of Illinois are the only statesmen with courage enough to confess that they chew gum and like it. When the Tariff bill was presented in the House, Mr. Cooke, at the instigation of several makers of chewing gum in Chicago, endeavored in vain to have the proposed duty reduced from 10 to 5 cents a pound. He said to-day that he was glad to learn that Senator Hale had taken up the fight in the Senato. "Chicle," said Mr. Cooke, "is this," and he pulled a wad of chewing gum from his mouth and rolled it between his thumb and finger. "Now, that is pure chicle, for all the glucose and flour and other stuff they put in chewing gum to flavor it has disappeared, leaving the pure chicle—the basis of the article. It is a vegetable sap; and is raised only in Mexico. It is not produced in any other place in the world. The entire Mexican product is used in the United States, the manufacture of chewing gum being almost entirely limited to this country." At this point the Chicago Congressman replaced the gum where it had come from and continued: "Chicle is brought into the United States as raw gum, direct from the trees. All the work that is done upon it is done by our own people, mostly in small manufacturing establishments. The crop of chicle which was raised in Mexico last year has been nearly all imported into this country, and is held by a very few persons, that which remains in Mexico being in the hands of the owners of the trees. Every pound of it which has not been already brought into the United States could be shipped in within sixty days, and will be brought if Congress in taxing the product."

It is astonishing to learn that over 3,500,000 counds of chicle is annually brought into this country, and that the entire quantity is chewed up and stuck under chairs or tables by our own people, for very little chewing gum is exported. Congressman Cooke himself is one of the consumers of chicle, and a package of chewing gum is one of his daily necessities. He estimates that if

or the country who are employed in the chewing gum factories.

"The price," he says, "at which chewing gum is sold is now fixed by custom at 5 cents a package of five pieces, or 1 cent a stick. That price is fixed in the public mind. It would be almost impossible to increase it, and for that reason the laying of this duty will take off substantially every dollar of the profits, or will be taken from the wages of the poor people who make the gum. It must be considered that the cost of chewing gum is in the labor and not in the gum itself. The boiling, rolling, cutting, and wrapping is the principal cost of production. The original gum costs only about 20 cents a pound. "A tax on chele is practically a tax on the women and children who make the gum, and not on those who chew it. It is said that the actual cost of a package of chewing sum which sells for 5 cents is only seven-cighths of a cent, but the competition is intense, and the cost of advertising and selling the manufactured product is very great."

CAUSE OF BAD TIMES.

A Clergyman Blames the Interstate Commerc Law-Remedy Suggested.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The Rev. P. M. Flannigan, pastor of St. Anne's burch, at the corner of Garfield boulevard and Wentworth avenue, finds the cause of hard

mitted to build roads whether there was business for them or not. The result has been overcompetition; we have ten roads between points where there has been business but for two. The superfluous roads began cutting rates, and the older roads cut in return, till all are doing business for almost nothing.

"Pooling is the only remedy for rate cutting. Under the Interstate Commerce law this is not permitted, and all, therefore, are forced to this cut-throat war. Competition is the life of trade, but overpooling is the death of trade.

"Since pooling is the death of trade.

"Since pooling is the only remedy, it should be allowed. The roads which haven't gone into bankruptcy under the Interstate law can be counted on the fingers of both hands. It was passed ten years ago, and business began going down from the day it passed.

"The public may not be aware that the Chicago and Alton road has had to discharge a large part of its force recently. The Pittsburg and Fort Wayne shops, at Fifty-fifth street, have had tocut down the hours to five a day, five days in the week. The Rock Island has seventy engines that were all equipped for work this spring which haven't turned a wheel. The Illinois Central discharged twenty clerks the week before last, and is to discharact welve more in a few days—thirty-two out of 150.

"These few instances show the condition of railroad affairs in Chicago, and I am convinced they are typical of affairs all over the United States. The railways permeate the land and bring poverty when they are in their present condition. The business depression will not be overcome until the law is changed. It has made no man rich and many men poor."

PROFITS FROM CONVENTIONS. Benefits Derived by Ratironds and Cities from National Catherings.

The National Board of the American Turnerbund has completed an accounting of the expenses and receipts of the recent turnfest held in St. Louis. The receipts were \$32,500 and the expenses \$27,000. The guarantee fund raised by the different local societies will not be used, and it will even be possible to send \$1,000 to Milwaukee to reduce the deficit of the turnfest held there. The Turners have ramifications throughout the country and are particularly strong in those cities in which the German pop-ulation is considerable. But in respect to total membership the association does not rank with other organizations having annual conventions. The Free Sons of Israel are to hold their con-

other organizations having annual conventions. The Free Sons of Israel are to hold their convention in Chicago in June. The Grand Army of the Republic holds its annual encampment in Buffalo on Aug. 23. This is the first time in more than thirty years that the Grand Army men have made Buffalo their conventions or encampments the fact is to be noted that they represent to the city chosen for their meeting place many thousands of deliars of unusual revenue. The first galiers by such a convention are the railroads, and since by competition among the various lines more favorable rates are secured the cities reached by the greatest number of roads are the favorites. Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Omaha, and St. Louis are therefore much in demand, and Boston and Baltimore are at a disadvantage to a considerable extent. One thousand delegates, accompanied by their wives, other members of their families and friends, represent perhaps 10,000 visitors to a convention or an encampment. The rule of the railroads is to issue an excursion ticket good both ways for one price, or one-half of the usual charge. At \$10 a head, which is the average, \$100,000 additional revenue is turned into the offices of the railroad; nor is this the maximum amount, for at Masonic conventions and those of the Christian Endeavorers and of some of the larger benevolent orders as much as \$250,000 is sometimes divided by the allied railroads from the sules of tickets. According to the usual computation, about \$5 a head is expended in hotels and boarding houses, representing an addition from this source of about \$50,000 to a city from the convention. Then there is to be added the increased revenues from a convention of the theatres, the street car lines, the saloons, the local newspapers, which sometimes publish special editions, and always have an increased demand for copies, and the retail dealers and shopkeepers. New York has never been in much demand for copies, and the retail dealers and shopkeepers. New York has never been in ho

HENKEL OPENS HIS MAIL.

PAINFUL DAILY SCENE IN THE BU-REAU OF ENCUMBRANCES.

ecimen Letters from Citizens, Encumbered with Pen and Inh, Huma, Wagons, Fur-nisher, Tof Girls, Bread and Merring, and So On-A Bushel Comes Every Merning. A thin blue vapor floated up from the basement of the American Tract Society Building. There was a strong smell of sulphur, and there were confused sounds in Spruce street. Pedestrians stopped and peered down at a basement window. It was labelled "Bureau of Encumbrances." The Hon. William Henkel. Superin tendent of the bureau, was sitting in plain view. It was clear to everybody that he was responsible for the vapor and the sounds. "Jumpin' jeminny," said a citizen, "just

watch him have fits." "Call the police," suggested another. "Better make it an ambulance," said a third. At this point the Superintendent swept off a deskload of letters into a bushel basket. A couple of boys dragged the basket across the foor to Clerk Lloyd, and peace once more

reigned in Spruce street. "What's the trouble I" asked a BUN reporter who had seen the crowd and had hustled into

the office. "Oh, nothing," said the Superintendent calmly; "I was just opening the morning mail. "But they said upstairs that there was a crazy man down here," said the reporter.

"Crazy, hey I" demanded the Superintendent; crazy, hey ! Say, what d'ye think of this !" and he handed over a postal card which read:

To the Superintendent:
Please call and take three burns away from house
No. — East Forty-first street. "He meant to send it to the police," suggested

"He meant to send it to the police, suggested the reporter.

"Oh, did he!" demanded the Superintendent.
"Well, what did this one want!" And he handed out another. It read thus:

"Dran Sin Pilsa call and tak dat wagen oud from—sekan stret! it meks to march doit and smeal he keps it for a schoe only be darnt us it.

It for a schoe only he darnt us it.

"Maybe you think a man should be happy when he goes through his morning mail?" said the Superintendent, "but I guess maybe you wouldn't if you were Superintendent of Incumbrances. Look at this letter, for instance:

"Ber Sir to whom it may consume please call and see at — Farx at there is a furnisher store in the bastment and they have all the furnisher on the sidewark and if the housekeeper tells him to take the furnisher of the sidewark he give the housekeeper a lish out a lady past the other day and she riped her hole skirt opon she started to skold the furnisher man and he called her all the names in the city and give her a lain out.

"And here's another one to make life pleas-ant," said the Superintendent as he banded over a card written in red ink. "Tell me what that one wants and I'll buy a big red apple for you." The card read:

The card read:

Deportment Op Publik Woks Nev Jok—Essk near coner Stentin end n.ar coner Stenten Stritt Plies compotessi doitstint indepruntdervinde occupot M. P.

The Superintendent heaved three sighs.

"Maybe you think it's a picnic now I" he said,
"Why, some of 'em take us for a newspaper.
Look at this one." He handed out another in red, as follows: To the Editor of the Board of incombros—Pleace look of the house in Delancy stoop bak left side thar is many tof girls ther this is not nice for the naber-hood so Pleace look of for it there is a shame.

There was another season of sighing and Mr. Henkel handed over two more letters. The first

read;

Dear Gentlement the tenants of 48-45 beg you to come and look at the street hare. It is filled with by ad and herring and we cannot go pass if it should be after not a solitary person could escape also we beg you to come and forbed it.

The second one was like this:

Gentlemen exkuse me for the trouble but I think it is me dudy to let you know that the storekeeper in the shad store at — Chrystic street has his show case out again only for spit.

"Now what have I got to do about a man "Now what have I got to do about a man using his showcas for 'spit,'" demanded Mr. Henkel. "What business is it of mine if 'tof girls' are on back stoops in Allen street I is it a part of my duty for emove 'bums' from Forty-second street! Is it any wonder I get a bit worked up over a morning mail! There is no news in this young man. This is just a dally occurrence. I get a bushel a day, except on Monday, when its two bushels," and Mr. Henkel sat back in his chair and took a letter from his pocket that he had had an idea when he put it there, related to personal matters. It read:

DEAB SUE! I wanted a stand removed but now the DEAR SIR: I wanted a stand removed but now the man has alt red his disposition and I would like for you to please take back the complaint.

Mr. Henkel crumpled up this one and went out for a walk.

PITHOLE'S RISE AND FALL. Parm Lands New Where Stood the Third City of Pennsylvania.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. Who has not heard of Pithole ! Every oil man of the country pricks up his ears at the sound; at an instant later a shade of recollection of blighted hopes, fearful strainings for wealth, immense fortunes accumulated, grand possessions suddenly swept away, sweeps over his face.

Every oil man has heard of Pithole. Pithole's rise, birth or origin, was Jan. 7, 1864. prising "wildcatters" struck oil. 'Twas the

famous well, No. 4. U. S., and it was a gusher. Within two months Pithole was a borough of 6,000 souls, and by the middle of the summer it was a city of fully 20,000.

When the trees commenced to shed their golden and yellow leaves the great city, then the third in population probably in Pennsylvania, had reached the zenith of its growth. There were a dozen good hotels, three churches, and even two theatres. Each one of these institutions was thriving, too. Two railroads were built to the city and several others had been projected. All of the accessories to a big, rich city were provided in Pithole. There was nothing lacking which men of money demanded.

Land! Why, the land around Pithole at that time could only be bought by heaping gold upon it and offering the yellow dirt for the more ordinary and humble-looking stuff which was supposed to cover the precious petroleum which then hovered around \$5 per barrel in price. Farmers sold their farms for fabulous prices, and were made rich beyond their wildest dreams. Yet some of them, as is the case with all men, held back. One old man owned a farm of over 200 acres. Copeland was his name. He refused an offer of \$700,000 for his place, maintaining that if he sold out he would have nowhere to go to. Another spriculturist of that neighborhood refused to dispose of 250 acros for \$750,000. He demanded \$1,000,000, and wouldn't take a cent less. He never got a cent for his land, as it afterward turned out, for his land, as it afterward turned out, for his land, upon being tested, yielded no oil, and he was left to scratch the surface of the hand for the poor living he could get from his scanty crops.

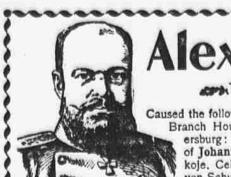
Pithole was a great business place while in its glory. It had its stores and banks, and the Post Office was reckoned one of the most important in the country. A tremendous amount of trace was done there. The demand for supplies upon the rest of the country for miles around was literally honeycombed by the indefatigable drillers. Millons of dollars sunk into the earth of such

life's battles and strove together flercely for wealth.

The old Presbyterian Church still stands as another monument to the dead city. There is a churchyard, too, but it has but few graves, for the city did not live long enough for many people to die and be buried there. So Pithole rose in a day, lived for but a few days, and soon "the place thereof will know it no more."

From the Aluska Miner,

A. Wolsely of Tacoma arrived on the Alki. He has about three tons of supplies which he is taking into the Klondyke, including thirteen cases of fresh eggs. He expects to realize \$2 a dozen. Last spring eggs brought \$1.50 a dozen at Circle City at a time when provisions were comparatively chees.



Alexander

The Late Czar of Russia

Caused the following telegram to be sent to the Branch House of Johann Hoff, at St. Petersburg: "Send immediately one case of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract to Sarskoje, Celo, by order of the Czar, Count von Schuwaloff."

More strength in one dozen bottles of Johann Hoff's Mait Extract than in a cask of ale or porter, without their deleterious effects.

Ask for the Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

BOSTON'S SUBWAY.

It Will Be Ready for Use in a Few Days-

May 29.-Special car 1,230 of the West End Street Railway rolled slowly down the granite gradient on the Public Garden the other afternoon, beneath the portal and into the wide, high, and brilliantly lighted subway. It was the first passenger car to enter this underground passage by which Boston hopes to gain rapid transit, and it bore a distinguished lot of visitors. Among them were President Little of the West End road, Mrs. Little, the Transit Commissioners, Hon. J. R. Leeson, and Mr. and Mrs. James Finlayson, Jr., of Scotland. The car rolled past Park square and through the place of tombs, where, until two years ago, slept so many of the " rude forefathers of the hamlet;" past the spot where were buried in one grave the bodies of most of the British soldiers killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, and came to a stop at Mason street, about half a mile from the entrance to the subway. It went no further in this direction, though when the section is opened for business within two or three weeks the cars will run as far as Park street, where section to be thus opened is only a small part of the whole system, but it will be a great part of the whole system, but it will be a great relief to traffic on crowded Tremont street to have even a part of the cars taken off. Through this section, from a point on Boylston near Church street, beneath the Public Garden and the Boylston and Tremont street mails of Boston Common to the corner of Tremont and Park streets, will pass all the cars whose terminus has heretofore been the Tremont House, including the Harvard Bridge, Brookline, Brighton, and cross-town cars, over five hundred a day.

Work on the subway was begun about three years ago, and the estimate of its cost was \$7,000,000, a figure which will not be very far exceeded, if at all. The work will not be entirely finished for over a year, and probably no more of it will go into use until it is all completed. It passes beneath Tremont street, through the most crowded part of the city, and the work has been so planned that there has been little interference with the heavy street traffic. The subway has been here constructed by the slice method, a plan which has permitted several gangs of men to work at the same time and forward the operation at the greatest possible speed, the only permanent street openings being small shafts at wide intervals, through which the earth excavated was taken to elevated structures, upon which it was borne away to less crowded parts of the city.

The "infernal hole," as the Rev. Dr. Lansing of the Park Street Church called it, passes beneath Scollay square, where the statue of John Winthrop now looks down upon a scene of strange confusion, beneath Cornhill and Hanover street and Adams square and Washington street by a four-track way to Haymarket square, just north of which and near the Union station is the northern terminus. It also passes beneath Tremont street from Boylston street from mon there are four tracks in the one just finished, follows the line of Boylston street from mon there are four tracks in the corner of Church street, where the cars will come to the surface by a granite-wailed incline 318 feet long. relief to traffic on crowded Tremont street to have even a part of the cars taken off. Through

sewer, and small water pipes, the big water mains in some places crossing far beneath the subway in brick conduits.

The largest station to go into use at the present time is that at the Park street terminus, with its four stairways, its loop-car system, and its two platforms, each about 350 by 100 feet. The width of the subway just south of this station is from 48 to 60 feet, and it has a uniform height of about 15 feet.

The inner walls are whitened, and as there are incandescent lamps every twelve feet, the interior is almost as light as day. The insulation is as near perfect as modern methods and devices can make it, and it is believed that there can be no leakage of the electric current from trolley or rails to cause electrolysis.

Even a brief description of the subway would be incomplete without mention of the granite structures that mark the entrance to the stations. They are of a dry-goods-box style of architecture and tomb-like in appearance. They somewhat resemble the plainer type of mausoleums that are seen in the great cemeteries of Paris. When Boston really gets over her provincialism and attains to something like rapid transit, by means of an elevated road or an airable, the subway can be very conveniently divided into crypts and these granite stations made useful as tombs. All they lack now as far as outward appearance goes is a carved name on the front and a few death's heads or griffins in granite to make them look a little more grim and gruesome.

The subway has been leased to the West End Street Railway Company for a long term of years, and it is possible that the company will in turn he leased to an organization that now has a bill before the Logislature asking for authority to run a subway and elevated road in combination to give Greater Boston the rapid transit that progressive people are devoutly hoping for. There is said to be a large amount of New York capital behind this scheme, and it looks now as though it might go through.

REMEMBERED BY M'KINLEY.

How the President Rewarded an Andersonville Hero for a Good Beed. From the Pitteburg Disputch.

COLUMBUS, O., May 20 .- A story suggesting a quality of heart not usually employed in the cold-blooded disposition of place was told of President McKinley. Samuel M. Taylor, late Secretary of State, is the author and incidentally a party in interest.

On a certain night of a recent campaign Mr.

Taylor was billed for a campfire at Paulding. Mr. Taylor was born too late to shoulder a gun, and could not therefore add to the collection of reminiscences spring on the audience; but he was equal to the occasion. He told a Jonathan and David story of two men from his home town, which is Urbana, The story was that two comrades happened to be imprisoned at the same time in Andersonville. One was little more than a skeleton, with health to fit, and the other was lusty, with enough meat on his bones to feed the tissues for many days.

One day the welcome news of a proposed exchange came. The healthy man's name was on the list, the name of the other was not. When this discovery was made the healthy man said:

Bill. I can stand this better than you. When my name is called you answer to it." Bill answered, therefore, when the name of Fred Holsington was called, and went out into the Yankee lines. Fred had to remain nine months longer. The story in due time reached Major McKinley, and he repeated it at the laying of the corner stone of Grant's monument. He has possibly repeated it on other occasions. Last fell, on one of Mr. Taylor's visits to Canton, the Major asked him what had become of Holsington. Fred was still at Urbana, living modestiy, and Mr. Taylor advised the Major accordingly, with a suggestion that Fred might do better if assisted in some way. The Major did not forget. A day or two since Fred Hoisington was appointed an inspector of abandoned mineral lambs for some Western State, at \$8 per day and expenses. Mr. Taylor was born too late to shoulder a gun, and could not therefore add to the collection of

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

From the indianapass orange.

Fire broke out shortly before noon yesterday in a shed in the rear of 549 East Washington street, owned by George Hoffman. The firemen saved a life and prevented the fire from spreading. A setting hen occupied a next in one correct of the shed and notwithstanding the fact ner of the shed and notwithstanding the fact that she was drenched with chemical matter, she refused to move. The fire was all about her, and finally one of the men picked her up and carried her, nest and all, into the alley. The hen showed her disapproval of the familiarity on the part of the fireman by cackling loudly. SAME JOB, SAME MAN, SAME FEUD, A Thirty-Year Fight for the St. Joe, Mo., Post

Office and Its Incidents. "The Post Office row in St. Joe is the only

news in our town," said the Missouri man. Since he completion of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, the first railroad west of the Mississippi River, the people of St. Joseph have called their town St. Joe because the railroad people made the abbreviation.

"It is the same old row which originated during the war. Major John L. Bittinger on one side and James T. Beach on the other. tinger was Postmaster during the Lincoln Administration, and again under another Administration. He has been a member of the Legislature, State Committeeman, delegate to State and national conventions, and editor of the St. Joe Herald. Beach was an insurance agent, a local politician, a pillar in the Methodist Church and an all-round hustler when hustling was new in that country. He had an irritating voice and a nervous manner. He was of roly-poly physique, while Bittinger was slim and dyspeptic. When Beach realized that he was at a disadvantage in the political situation he established a newspaper in opposition to the Herald and hired a man to run it. The Republicans who had been chased away from the pic counter by the Herald crowd became aggressive, and from the election of a constable and the appointment of market master in St. Joe to the election of President of this country the two factions in St. Joe warred and hunted each Filley was the boss of the party in other. Filley was the boss of the party in the State, and Beach allied himself with the boss. I think Filley would have preferred to train with the Heraid crowd, but he and the Heraid people never agreed in the cutting of the ple. Filley wanted two-thirds of the pie, and the Heraid people wanted all of it, with the counter and the stool thrown in for good will. The result of the long tussle was that both factions had their innings. Beach got the Poss Office once and he was just the man to let everybody know he had won a fight, and the Heraid crowd in particular.

factions had their innings. Heach got the Posh Office once and he was just the man to let everybody know he had won a fight, and the Herald crowd in particular.

"What I have told you will enable you to grasp the fact that the factional fight was interesting. It took in everything in sight. But the thing I am going to tell you about surprised one man in this country in a way that actually made his hair turn gray. At least, he told me that it was the beginning of the change.

"He was the general agent of a Connecticus insurance company, and he had gone West to supervise the local agency of which Beach was the representative. The insurance supervisor was a churchman of the Puritan type, and as he chanced on this occasion to be in St. Joe over Sunday. Beach took him to his church and showed him the Sunday school, and he told the scholars about the Hartford school, and then Beach made a talk, for Beach was the Superintendent. The Hartford man was favorably impressed with Beach's colliness.

"The next day the general agent and Beach were around inspecting risks, and the general agent was complimentary in his talk to Beach's circle of acquaintances. It was a warm day, and the general agent was complimentary in his talk to Beach's circle of acquaintances. It was a warm day, and the general agent was complimentary in his talk to Beach's circle of acquaintances. It was a warm day, and the general agent was complementary in his talk to Beach's circle of acquaintances. It was a warm day, and the general agent was covered they rested. The only hotel of any consequence was the Pacific, and it was just across the street from where the Hartford man and Beach were resting. A crowd was galered about the hotel under the shade of the locust trees drinking mint juleps. I distinctly remember that in the crowd were an excongressman, an ex-Secretary of State, a Judge and a man who afterward was Governor While the crowd was enjoying the cool of the shade there was a disturbance across the street. For a moment it looked as if an accide

cause he was the under ong in the light—
no offence to the Major—but because he had occasionally helped to get a Southern man out of jail, whereas Beach was always for getting him in. It became apparent that Boach was winning the fight. His silk hat was smashel, but his black cloth coat, double breest, was still unbuttoned. In view of what I hate just stated, the citizens interfered. Major littinger was stunned from a fall, and we carried him over to the Pacific, where several physicians attended him. With the aid of brandy he recovered.

"The Major was walking along that day, and he saw Beach sitting in that chair in the shade, and he merely kickel it over in order to leb Beach know that he was present. That was the beginning of the fight. It came upon the Hartford man so sudden that he did not realize it. He had been thinking of Beach as a man of peace and a religious man. To see him engaged in a street fight, rolling over in the dirt, biting, gouging, and hitting astornated him, and he seudded into an open door near the scene, and rushed over a lawyer at his desk, and cacaped by the back door. The disturbance in front engaged the attention of the lawyer at that moment, so he did not pursue the strange man.

"The insurance man told me some years after the occurrence, when I met him in Cincinnati, that he had never been to St. Jee since, and he asked me who got the Post Oflice, Yes, he asked me that nearly twenty years after the occurrence. Well, the St. Joe Fost Oflice, yes, he asked me that nearly twenty years after the occurrence. Well, the St. Joe Fost Oflice year, his friend and alded by Filley of St. Louis. Same

his friend, and Beach on the other slie for his friend and aided by Filley of St. Louis. Same old feud that made it interesting in that town

old fend that made it interesting in that town during the war.

"Major Bittinger is now in search of a mission abroad, and I learn that President McKinkey is favorably inclined toward such an appointment, but the Beach-Filley crowd will fight him unloss he gives in to the appointment of their man as Postmaster at St. Joe. And the Major had rather lose a foreign mission than do that."

ANOTHER BIGGEST FOR CHICAGO. The Fossii Remains of a Sea Lizard That Was 300 Feet Long.

From the Chicago Times Herald.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Ten million years ago a sea lizard 300 feet long came to an end of life. How, the police have not yet found out. Any way, the creature was swimming around in a prehistoric ocean that covered what is now the Cherokee Strip, and one day sank to the bottom dead.

In a tent out south of Chicago is what the gentlemanly barker valls the "world's greatest wonder." The "world's greatest wonder is nothing more nor less than the fossilized skelston of the sea lizard that died in that ocean of long ago.

nothing more nor less than the fossilized skelston of the sea lizard that died in that ocean of long ago.

"It is the most wonderful and most colossal fossil ever unearthed," says C. F. Gunther, Director of the Chicago Academy of Science. "Its proportions are simply givantic. There are vertebre, a complete skull, ribs, and flippers, that are manmouth in size. There can be no deception about it. The exhibit is that of a fossil, fully petrified, the bones being calcarcous.

"There are flity or more vertebre, each as hig as the joint of a stavepipe. The head is sixteen feet in circumference, and has a long, protraining bone, live feet across, like the beak of a bird. The ribs are twenty-live feet long, naif-hooped in contour, and the eye sockets are four feet across. The propellers, or fins, are perfectly free across. The propellers, or fins are devented to the lizard was 300 feet long.

Henry Patterson of Perry, Okiahoma, is the lucky man who owns the remains of the lizard. The academy is trying to induce Mr. Patterson to sell his treasure to it. It is probable that the deal will be made, and Chicago will get the greatest wonder of prehistoric times that has been unearthed.

His Eye Blackened by a Dolphia

From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

A well-known Portland sea captain who appeared with a black eye recently explains his Corbett orb as follows: He says he caught a dolphin, and, taking the fish in both hands, started to go forward. On the way the fish threw back its head and struck him on the nose and eye.

